# Got A Handle On It

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# Got A Handle On It

by AllAborde (Bordementions)

Summary

Frantic handler learns exactly why the dog should be kept on a tight leash

Notes

I love Stim-Blissed I love Stim-Blissed I love Stim-Blissed I love Stim-Blissed

Anyways I can be a handler I can be trusted, this was so much fun to write errrrr probably pilot/pilot or handler/handler up next, gonna start involving mech variables too

Disc link

https://discord.gg/XqJzJ6ByTz

The cheap laminate of the clipboard felt slick and hot under your trembling fingers. You weren't even reading the numbers anymore; they were just abstract symbols of failure swimming in front of your eyes.

Inadequate. Denied. Budget Exceeded.

A noise, somewhere between a sob and a strangled hiss, clawed its way up your throat. You were doing everything. You were managing requisitions meant for a team of five. You were processing after-action reports with half the necessary data because maintenance couldn't spare the parts to fix the cadre's long-range scanners. You were sleeping—when you slept—on a cot in your office, living off stale ration and caffeine substitutes, all to keep this pathetic, under-funded, leaking ship of an operation from sinking.

And it was sinking.

The latest Gorgon activity report felt like a death sentence. A new signature, something big, clustering near one of the few remaining cities under your jurisdiction. Your Ace with a frame that was barely greenlit, two Wings who were still shaky from correctional programming, and... and the Dog.

You needed more—more fucking anything. You needed just one more pilot who wasn't broken, crazy, or dead.

A fresh wave of panic tightened your chest, making your vision tunnel. You had to get those repair validation forms to the quartermaster before she left for the day, or your Ace's frame would be grounded. You shoved the clipboard under your arm and practically bolted from your office, your footsteps echoing too loudly in the corridor.

You rounded the corner toward the lifts, muttering to yourself, a frantic prayer and a string of curses tangled on your tongue—and froze.

There, slumped against a junction box like a discarded pile of laundry, was your Dog. Your worst pilot, legs splayed out in the middle of the walkway. Its suit was unzipped halfway down its chest, revealing the dull gray of its undershirt, stained with sweat and probably some things you didn’t want to know.

It wasn't just sitting.

Its head was lolled back, eyes half-closed in a way that had nothing to do with fatigue and everything to do with chemical peace. In its hand, it held an auto-injector, the needle tip still glistening. As you watched, frozen in a rictus of disbelief, it lazily found a spot on its thigh and pressed the injector home with a soft, pneumatic hiss.

Its whole body went lax, a long, shuddering sigh of pure, ecstatic relief slipping from its lips.

It hadn't even bothered to find a private room. It was just... getting high, right here in the hallway, like it was taking a smoke break.

All the air, all the fight, all the frantic energy holding you together, just vanished. Replaced by a cold, sharp spike of rage so profound it almost made you buckle.

"What in the fuck do you think you're doing, huh?!" you snapped. Your voice was thin, almost reedy, cracking on the syllables.

The pilot's head turned, agonizingly slow. Its pupils were blown wide, two black holes swimming in a hazy, unfocused stare. A slow, dopey smile touched its lips. "Haaaandler," it breathed, the word a syrupy drawl. "Heyy—just the... y'know..."

"I… are you..." You couldn't even form the sentence. You were drowning, fighting for every inch, sacrificing everything, and this... this thing, this fucking object, was getting blissed out on high-grade stimulants in the middle of a primary corridor.

It blinked, slow as a camera shutter. It looked down at the injector in its hand, then back up at you, that vacant smile still playing on its face. "Maintenance," it said, as if that explained anything. "Just... getting level. For the... y'know. The thing."

"The thing," you repeated, your voice climbing into a near-shriek. "The mission? The saving the entire world from being destroyed?! That thing?!"

"Yeah." It nodded, serene. "Gotta be focused. You... you're always saying. 'Lock the fuck in.' M'lockin' in, Handler."

It was halfway through the dose. You didn't even think. You lunged, your hand clamping down on its wrist, ripping the injector away. The needle tore free with a sick little pop. A few drops of the chemical cocktail splattered onto the floor, wasted.

"Shut up!" you screamed, throwing the injector at its chest as hard as you could, given your mental state. "Just shut up! Where did you even get this? I manage your doses!"

The pilot just blinked, its gaze tracking the movement of the injector, fascinated. It looked like it wanted to lick the spilled drops off the floor.

"Found it," it mumbled, that stupid, vacant smile still plastered on its face. "'s okay. Helps me... think."

"Helps you think," you repeated, your voice trembling. "I'm holding the entire base together with fucking hope, and you're sitting on your ass in a hallway doping yourself unconscious! Do you have any idea what's happening right now?! Any idea of the pressure I'm under?!"

The pilot just watched you. The smile faded, but not into fear. Not into shame. It just faded into... vacancy. An unbothered, unphased patience. It had seen this before. It knew, even deep in its drugged-out haze, that you were terrified. It knew you didn't have the first clue how to really command its respect. That's what that look told you.

That look, more than the drugs, more than the laziness, felt like a physical slap. You'd be fucking damned if you were just going to let that happen.

"Get up," you ordered, your voice trembling with a mixture of rage and crushing exhaustion. "Get. Up."

You wanted to hit it. You wanted to throw the clipboard at its stupid, empty face. Instead, you grabbed the front of its suit, hauling it partially to its feet. It was dead weight, all loose limbs and unresisting flesh. It swayed for a moment, its systems clearly enjoying the fresh surge of chemicals. It tucked the half-empty injector into a pocket.

"My office," you spat, jabbing a finger down the hall. "Now."

It just blinked at you.

"Did you hear me, Dog?" you tried to put steel into your voice, but it just sounded brittle. "You are being punished. Revoked privileges. Reduced... I don't know! Sedation! We'll figure it out when we get there. Just... move!"

The pilot gave another one of its slow, infuriatingly calm nods. "Okay, Handler."

It didn't argue. It didn't protest. It didn't beg.

It just fell into step behind you, its boots making a steady, unhurried rhythm on the decking that was a stark counterpoint to your own frantic, stumbling footsteps. It was following, just as ordered, but it felt like the one in control. A blissed-out, toxic shadow that you were towing in your own panicked wake.

All it did was make the walk back a special kind of torture.

It wasn't rushing. It wasn't lagging. It was just... there. A constant, drugged up presence that radiated apathy.

You wanted to scream at it to walk faster. You wanted to scream at it to go jump off the top of the building.

It was a loose-jointed, blissfully unaware parasite, and you were dragging it back to your nest, furious but still pathologically responsible for it. You didn't look back. You knew it was there, its vacant, drug-blown gaze fixed on your rigid spine.

Your mind was racing, a hamster wheel of pure, uncut panic. The quartermaster is leaving. The forms. I have to... she'll be gone. The Ace's frame will be grounded. The Gorgons. We're all dead. And this... this...

This thing behind you. This resource sink. This addict.

You fumbled with the keycard at your office door, your hand shaking so badly it took three tries to get the light to flash green. You shoved the door open and stumbled inside, spinning around. "Get in."

It ambled past you, as if it were arriving for a casual briefing. It was taller than you, you always forgot that. Its frame-cleared muscle mass was obvious even under the loose suit. It was trained, it was fit, it was a goddamned weapon... and it was utterly useless, standing there with that hazy, placid look in its eyes.

"You absolute waste!"

The words ripped out of you, raw and shaking. You threw your clipboard—your life, your failures—onto your desk. It clattered, skidded, and fell to the floor, but you didn't care.

"I am drowning! Do you understand me? I am begging, begging logistics for enough parts to keep your frame from literally falling

apart in the next fight! I haven't slept in three days! And you—"

You stalked over to it, jabbing a finger into its chest. It had straightened up, just... watching you. You were smaller, but your rage made you feel huge.

"You are sitting in a hallway, getting high! On my time! With my resources! Where did you even get that? Did you steal it? Are you stealing from me now, on top of everything else?!"

It didn't even flinch.

"Do you have any idea?" you shrieked, the words tearing out of you. "Any idea at all what I am doing? What I am... sacrificing... just to keep this... this joke of a Cadre functional?"

The pilot just watched you. Its head was tilted slightly, as if listening to a curious, far-off sound.

"HHHNNGAHH!" you screamed, pacing in the tiny clear space between your desk and the door. "I am underfunded! I have no staff! I am processing reports for three different departments because no one else will! And you!"

You jabbed a finger at it, your whole arm shaking. "You! My... my Dog! You are the single most expensive piece of... of fucking meat I have! Do you know what this cocktail you're on costs me in permissions?!"

You were crying now. Hot, angry, humiliated tears that you dashed away with the back of your hand. "And you just... you just sit there! In the hallway! Getting high! Like some... some... fucking junkie! That’s all you fucking are! You're not even human, you're just equipment! A faulty, broken, useless piece of fucking junk!"

It just blinked. Slowly.

That was what broke you. The silence. The absolute, infuriating lack of any reaction. It wasn't scared. It wasn't sorry. It was just... waiting.

"Say something!" you howled. You picked up the clipboard you threw earlier—the denied repair forms—and you shoved it, hard, into its chest. "This! This is your Frame! Denied! Again! Because I had to reroute the permissions to your... your stimulants! Your... your bliss! Huh?! Do you get that?! That get into your brain at all?!"

It took the impact without fighting back, stumbling back a step, hitting the wall. Its head just lolled slightly. No defense. No anger. No reaction. It’s eyes drifting down to the clipboard, then back up to your face.

"Why won't you react?" you screamed, shoving its chest again. "Don't you get it? We are all going to die! Every single one of us in this god forsaken cadre!"

You drew your arm back, the one without the injector, your hand open. To slap it. To feel the sting on your palm, just to feel anything other than this crushing panic.

Its movements were impossibly fast, unnervingly precise for someone so supposedly sedated.

Its hand shot out and grabbed your wrist. The grip was strong. Not bruising, not trying to hurt you, but completely, utterly immobilizing. You were frozen, your arm trapped.

With its other hand, it gently, almost tenderly, plucked the half used auto-injector from it’s pocket. Your fingers were so numb with rage they didn't even resist.

"Wha—"

Before you could finish the word, it stepped into your space, closing the last few inches between you.

And it pricked you.

You felt the sharp, cold sting in the side of your neck, just below your ear. A small hiss.

You gasped, a short, shocked intake of air. Your hands flew to the spot, touching the small, wet bead of... of your blood.

You stared at it, speechless. Your mouth opened and closed. It had just injected you. Your Pilot. The Dog. It had just assaulted its Handler.

The Pilot's head tilted again. Its eyes, those two vast, empty oceans, seemed to focus on you for the first time. The vacant smile was gone, replaced by something that looked disturbingly like... concern.

It let go of your wrist. Its voice was soft, barely a mumble, the slur from the drugs still thick.

"Shhh... Handler... it's okay."

It raised its hand, slowly, as if approaching a frightened animal, and brushed its knuckles against your cheek.

"You looked like you needed it," it whispered. "To calm down. You're too... loud. Inside. It... it hurts to listen."

The liquid was ice, then fire.

It burned a cold trail from your neck, down your spine, and bloomed into a shocking heat behind your eyes. Your hand, still pressed to the injection site, came away wet. You stared at the drop of your own blood on your fingertip, your mind utterly blank for one. Long. Second.

Then, the panic hit. A tidal wave of adrenaline so potent it dwarfed the breakdown you were just having.

"What... what did you do?!" you screamed, stumbling back. Your hand flew to the intercom, to the emergency alarm, anywhere. "What was that?! What did you just inject me with?!"

The Pilot just watched you, its head still tilted. That strange, lucid concern was still in its eyes. It held the now-empty injector loosely, like a trophy.

"It's..." it paused, seeming to search for the word. "The... medicine. The same one you give me. For the... the shaking. You were shaking so hard. Handler."

"Medicine?!" you shrieked, your voice cracking. "That's a stimulant! A... a psychedelic! I don't... I don't have the same tolerance you do! What was the dosage?! Answer me Dog, tell me!"

"I… don’t know," it offered, as if this was a perfectly reasonable answer.

"Fuck—I… I don’t—" You were frantic, clawing at your own collar, which suddenly felt impossibly tight. "I need... I need a neutralizer. I need the medbay."

You made a desperate, clumsy lunge for the door panel.

You never made it.

Its arm shot out. It was the lightning-fast, precise movement of a

trained killer.

With a single, effortless pull, it spun you around and slammed you back against its own body, using its other arm to pin you. Your back was flush against its chest. One of its arms was a band across your stomach, the other hand came up to grip your shoulder, holding you fast. You were trapped.

"Let go of me!" you gasped, struggling wildly. You kicked, trying to find its shin, but your legs felt strangely uncoordinated. "That is a direct order! I will have you in correctional programming for a decade! I will have you subjected to link reversal! I will—"

"Shhh..."

Its voice rumbled, not just in your ear, but through you. You could feel the vibration of its words against your spine.

And then... it hit.

The drug.

It wasn't a gentle rise. A wave of heat crashed through your veins, so intense it made your knees buckle. The terminal screens in front of you smeared, their green-and-amber text bleeding into tracers, beautiful and terrifying. Your panic didn't vanish; it was just... suddenly... muffled. It was still there, a tiny, screaming thing in the back of your mind, but it was wrapped in a mile of thick, warm, luxurious cotton.

Your heart wasn't pounding in fear anymore. It was thundering, a deep, rhythmic bassline that you could feel in your bones.

"Ah..." A sound, half-whimper, half-sigh, escaped you. Your struggling became weak, pathetic. Your fists, which had been beating against its arm, uncurled.

It knew. You could feel the shift in its posture. It wasn't just holding you; it was supporting you. As your legs gave out, it took your full weight, leaning you back against its solid frame. It was so much stronger than you. So much warmer.

"Stop... fighting..." it whispered. The slur was almost gone, replaced by a low, hypnotic cadence. "You're... too tight, Handler. Always. Like a string... about to snap."

It adjusted its grip, the arm around your waist sliding up, pulling you more securely against its torso. You could feel the hard planes of its muscles through the two layers of cheap jumpsuit. You were rigid with terror, yet your body was melting into it, craving the support, the strength.

"I... I can't..." you slurred. The room was tilting. "You... you drugged me..."

"Yes," it said, simply. Factually. Its hand moved from your shoulder, its fingers threading into your hair, tilting your head back until it rested against its shoulder. It leaned down, its breath, still sweet with chemicals, ghosting over the injection site on your neck.

"You needed it," it murmured. "You were... so loud. It tapped its own temple.

Your protests... your struggles... they were just... dissolving. The overwhelming, crushing weight of your responsibilities—the budget, the Gorgons, the impending doom—it wasn't gone, but it was... floating. It was a distant, unimportant cloud.

All that mattered was the solid wall of the Pilot at your back, the strong arm holding you up, and the blissful, shimmering silence that had finally, finally fallen over your frantic mind. You relished it. You hated that you relished it. You hated the power it had, the way it held you like it was the one in charge.

It leaned in closer, its lips brushing the shell of your ear.

"It feels good, doesn't it, Handler?"

The question was a soft, damning rumble.

It wasn't asking. It was telling.

"The... the quiet," it breathed, its own voice thick with a shared, chemical bliss. "The... warmth. It's... nice."

You couldn't answer. You couldn't even nod. You just hung there, limp in its grasp, a broken, trembling sigh shuddering through your entire body. It was more than nice.

It was blissful.

That hand on your waist... it wasn't just holding you anymore. It was moving.

The calloused fingers splayed wide, pressing, exploring the curve of your side, the softness of your stomach. The touch was… you don't... Its thumb slid up, brushing the underside of your breast through the thin fabric of your uniform.

A sharp, shocked gasp tore from your throat. Your entire body shuddered, a jolt of pure, pleasure so intense it was almost pain.

"So..." it rumbled, its lips still at your ear. "So tight. You should loosen up."

The hand in your hair tightened, not painfully, but firmly, tilting your head back, holding you absolutely still. You were its captive, and your head was too heavy to hold up on its own anyway.

"I... you... stop..." you whimpered, but the word had no force. It was a puff of air. A suggestion. A lie.

"Hush," it whispered.

The hand moved from your side, sliding up your ribs with an agonizing, deliberate slowness. You panted, a string of drool welling at the corner of your mouth. You couldn't stop it. Your body was no longer yours. The hand, strong and scarred, closed over your breast.

"Aaah...!"

Your back arched, pressing you harder against its touch. The tiny, frantic part of your brain was screaming. This is your own pilot. This is the Dog. It's assaulting you. Severe Punishment! Execution!

But the rest of your mind, wrapped in that warm, fuzzy bliss, just... dissolved.

"Mmmpht," it murmured, its thumb brushing, finding the hard peak of your nipple through the cloth. It circled it. "You feel nice, Handler."

It was playing with you. It was molding you. And it felt... it felt...

"Good," you breathed, the word a confession. A sin.

That seemed to be what it was waiting for.

With a low grunt, it shifted. It lifted you, lifted you clear off your feet

as if you weighed nothing. You were a doll in its arms. You let out a small, terrified squeak as your feet left the floor, but its grip was absolute.

It turned, took one step, and hooked its leg around your desk chair, sending it wheeling away into the wall with a quiet thud. You heard clipboards and flimsy reports scatter, clattering to the floor as it dumped you unceremoniously onto the desk.

"Ngh—!"

The hard, cool surface was a shock against your overheated back. Papers crumpled beneath you. You were splayed out, a sacrifice on an altar of your own failures.

"Come here." it said, the words a simple, hypnotic instruction.

And then it was there, stepping between your parted legs, caging you in. It leaned over you, planting its hands on the desk on either side of your head. You were pinned. Its shadow fell over you, blocking out the dim glow of the terminals. All you could see were those two bottomless, black-pupiled eyes, and that strange, lucid focus.

"Handler..." it breathed. The word was a caress, a mockery. Its face was inches from yours. "Open."

Before you could form a protest, before you could even breathe, its mouth was on yours.

It was hot, and wet, and tasted of the chemicals it lived on. Its lips were chapped and hard, but they moved against yours with a devastating hunger. Its tongue shoved past your teeth—which were parted on a gasp—and filled your mouth.

You whimpered, a high, thin sound of protest. Your hands flew up, pushing weakly against its broad shoulders. You squirmed, your legs kicking out, a feeble, reflexive resistance. Your heels drummed uselessly against the sides of the desk.

But it didn't stop. It just deepened the kiss, one hand leaving the desk to snake around your waist, arching you up into it. Its body pressed down, settling between your thighs.

And your body... your traitorous body... just absorbed it.

The drug, the pressure, the overwhelming sensation... it all coalesced

into a single, blinding point of ecstasy. Your struggles weakened. The little kicks subsided.

Your hands, which had been pushing, went limp. One slid up, your fingers tangling, grasping, pulling at the short, greasy hair at the base of its skull.

Your legs... your legs... they stopped fighting. They lifted. They wrapped around its waist, your ankles locking behind its back, pulling it closer. Pulling it down.

A low, guttural moan vibrated in its chest, and you felt it. You answered it.

You were kissing it back.

You couldn't stop. Your mouth was moving against its, desperately, unconsciously, a pure, mindless reflex. You were on your back, on your own desk, with your legs wrapped around the Dog of your cadre, and you were kissing it like you were dying of thirst.

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